THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

Published Weekly at Raleigh, N. C.

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—SUBSCRIPTION—
Single Subscription One Year...$1.00
" " Six Months... .50
" " Three Months, .25

"THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY,' is the motto of The Progressive Farmer, and upon this platform it shall rise or fall. Serving no master, ruled by no faction, circumscribed by no selfish or narrow policy, its aim will be to foster and promote the best interests of the whole people of the State. It will be true to the instincts, traditions and history of the Anglo-Saxon race. On all matters relating specially to the great interests it represents, it will speak with no uncertain voice, but will fearlessly the right defend and impartially the wrong condemn."—From Col. Polk's Salutatory, Feb. 10, 1886

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THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is the Official Organ of the North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance.

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A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or on canvass—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem every day. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself —Longfellow.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our last issue Harry Farmer talked of the advantages offered by our eastern swamps and savannahs for beef raising. "Arachel," we think, furnished us a letter on the same subject some months ago. We should like to hear from others.

Our readers living along rural free delivery mail routes will be interested in the report of the commission that has been investigating the letter box problem. Mr. Mitchell's letter indicates an early change in the Postoffice Department's rules in this particular.

The Governor of South Carolina positively refuses to sit by quietly and allow a prize fight at the Exposition. He says: "South Carolina laws positively prohibit contests of the kind, and, and I will use all legal machinery to prevent any attempt." Good for McSweeny!

If it were not for the fact that those citizens who deserve the ballot do not need to be reminded again, we should say that there are only nine more days in which those who have not paid their poll tax will have the opportunity of saving their right to vote next November. And now that we have said it anyhow, we shall let it go at that.

It appears that under the provisions of the new school law all text books used under the old dispensation must be presented in exchange for those now in use on or before July 1st; otherwise dealers will allow nothing for them. We expect that there are several thousand parents who read THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER who should make a note of this.

That was a delightful letter from Mr. H. H Williams which we published last week under the title "Profitable Stock Raising in Orange." He not only had something to say, but told it in an entertaining manner. And that picture of seventeen black calves, sleek and plump, eating together out of one trough—well, it made us want to get out of town and back into the country at once. We hope Mr. Williams will write again.

The Charlotte Observer says it has never been able "to muster up the regulation amount of admiration for the late lamented Nathaniel Macon" because he "once voted for a war with another country and then voted against supplies." It has been some time since we investigated Mr. Macon's record in Congress. But unless we are mistaken, the Observer refers to the War of 1812, and while Mr. Macon may have voted against some measure for supplies, the records show that one of his strongest speeches was that defending a bill to authorize the President to borrow money to carry on that war.

CHARLESTON AND ITS EXPOSITION.

"We confess we did not expect to find an exposition so well-planned, so nearly complete or so beautiful."

So we wrote last week, in a note regarding the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition now to be seen near Charleston. And that sentence sums up our opinion. We didn't have enough confidence in the South—or rather in the Carolinas, for outside of them the South has done no more, rather less, than the North in the matter of exhibits and appropriations. So we went expecting to find a second-rate exposition—in which expectation we were quite thoroughly disappointed.

The Charleston Exposition is a credit to the South. When we think of the difficulties under which its promoters have labored, its magnitude and beauty are things to be marveled at. The managers failed completely, we believe, in their effort to get an appropriation from the National Government and, as we have just said, the South as a whole has given but scanty aid. And Charleston is a less populous city than you think. True, it had 42,000 people in 1850, but in the fifty succeeding years it has gained only 13,000. To-day, therefore, it has only 55,000 people, 30,000 of whom are, as Frederick Palmer says, "city blacks with a tendency to hang their legs over anything that will support their spinal columns."

At any rate, in spite of difficulties, the managers have built an Exposition that is worth going to see. But we shall not attempt to give a minute description of the exhibits and buildings. Go and see them for yourself.

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It is an open secret that the attendance up to April 1st had been disappointing. The Exposition, it will be remembered, was opened last December. But the plan of bringing Northern visitors South to see an exposition in winter failed. Fairs and other similar affairs must have warmth and sunshine in order to attract crowds, and this winter has been an unusually severe one in Charleston. Now that the weather is balmy, the roses blooming, and the grounds and streets arrayed in living green, it is to be hoped that the attendance will increase steadily.

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The North Carolina exhibit is second only to South Carolina's, and has attracted a great deal of attention. Not only have we a good showing of farm, forest and mineral products, etc., but Mr. T. K. Bruner, who has had charge of them, seems to have been himself a rather valuable part of the display, if we are to believe the correspondent of Collier's Weekly. Says he:

"To Northern eyes, the man in charge of the North Carolina exhibit is nothing short of wonderful. He convinces you that his State is an empire embracing all climates and all products, as well as George Vanderbilt's Biltmore estate. If he told you in his soft Southern accent and his judicially measured English that North Carolina could grow blocks of ice cream on banana trees you would believe him."

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To see Charleston itself—one of the quaintest and most charming cities on this side of the globe—is well worth the trip. It is the oldest looking city that we have seen—not old in the sense of dilapidation or decay, but old like some gnarled and knotted oak that has stood the storms of a century, yet is vigorous and likely to outlast most of its fellows It looks as if it had always been old, and we suppose it really has always had that flavor, for the first mention of it we remember seeing in history records the fact that the English immigrants, first settling a few miles away, later (about 1680) removed to the "ancient groves covered with yellow jessamine," the site of the present city The architecture is unique, and in this city of "the Old South" the visitor may easily imagine himself back in the period before the Civil War when the spirit of Calhoun stirred its citizens and the social life of the slave-holding aristocracy reached its acme of perfection. Edward Bok has rightly said: "There is no period of American history at once so poetic and so full of the atmosphere of chivalric romance as that which the South saw for a score of years prior to 1860." Charleston is the link that binds us to that era, and we should be very sorry to see the city lose its individuality by the commercial boom that some wish it to have. In this materialistic time it is very refreshing to find a city noted for culture and hospitality and the finer things of life rather than for dollar-seeking millionaires and the ostentation of the vulgar rich.

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In this connection we cannot forbear quoting from an editorial published in the New York Outlook just after the opening of the Exposition last December. Speaking of Charleston, the editor said:

"Like some other smaller cities, it impresses the imagination far more powerfully than most of the great metropolises of the world. Its foundations were laid by as fine a group of men and women as any which came from the Old World to the New. The French Huguenot brought with him an enthusiasm for religion, a sincerity of purpose, a passion of conviction, quite as notable as his brother colonists brought to New England, with the grace of manner and refinement of life which were, in a peculiar sense, the possession of the France of the seventeenth century. This tradition of social grace and dignity of life has been preserved intact to the present time. Never indifferent to commercial success, and rarely without commercial commerce, Charleston has always kept her ideals distinct from her business, and has treated life as if commerce were its tributary and not its highest activity. To our great and tumultuous civilization she has contributed a note of idealism which has been of high importance. Some times mistaken in fundamental matters, she has espoused every cause with passionate ardor, and has poured herself out with lavish generosity for the principles in which she believes. Such a community may make serious political blunders; it may not always read the signs of the times aright; but it can never be otherwise than interesting."

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And Charleston and vicinity abound in historic landmarks, chief of which, of course, is Fort Sumter, where on April 12, 1861, was fired the first gun of the greatest war of modern times. In this city too, less than four months before the representatives of the State of South Carolina had met and formally seceded from the Union—the first of the States to take this action. And no one ever leaves the city without seeing old St. Michael's Church, from whose spire the attacking British ships were sighted in the Revolutionary War and on which Federal guns were trained forty years ago. Its chimes were captured by a British officer in Revolutionary times, but recovered; and mutilated by Sherman's men in the Civil War, but re-cast in the original molds, in all these years never jangling out of tune save on the night of the famous earthquake of 1886. Near the city too is Fort Moultrie, where, as every school boy knows, Sergeant Jasper in the face of the storm of British shell replaced the American flag The grave of Osceola, the Indian chief who led the terrible Seminole War, is also here

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It looks as if we are not going to leave room to say that President Roosevelt visited the Exposition while we were there, and, standing within cannon shot of the scenes where North and South fought so fiercely years ago, repeated again the truth that a re-united country honors alike the blue and the gray. We do not know that we can close this article more appropriately than by quoting this paragraph from his speech:

"The wounds left by the great Civil War, incomparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed; and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor alike to the North and to the South. The devotion, the self-sacrifice, the steadfast resolution and lofty daring, the high devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner—all these qualities of the men and women of the early sixties now shine luminous and brilliant before our eyes, while the mists of anger and hatred that once dimmed them have passed away forever. All of us, North and South, can glory alike in the valor of the men who wore the blue and of the men who wore the gray. Those were iron times, and only iron men could fight to its terrible finish the giant struggle between the hosts of Grant and Lee. To us of the present day, and to our children and children's children, the valiant deeds, the high endeavor, the abnegation of self shown in that struggle by those who took part therein will remain forevermore to mark the level to which we in our turn must rise whenever the hour of the Nation's need may come."

THE PASSING OF EVANS AND MILES.

Two prominent government officials, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the Army, and Pension Commissioner Henry C. Evans, are, it seems, to give place to new men at about the same time.

As for President Roosevelt's acceptance of Mr. Evans's resignation, we must say that we do not like it. Mr. Evans has stood like a stone wall in the face of the attacks of dishonest pension raiders, earning thereby the gratitude of all good citizens. It is said, to be sure, that his successor will continue this policy. But if so, why was it necessary to change officers? We have seen nothing to indicate that Mr. Evans could not have been induced to remain. Whatever the outcome, the pension sharks now seem to regard the matter—and with much show of reason—as a victory for them.

General Miles, it is true, has not yet been retired, but his decapitation is momentarily expected. We suppose that he made a very good record as an Indian fighter, earning the promotion he has received; but his recent antics indicate that his judgment has not improved since the days when he heaped unnecessary indignities on Jefferson Davis. Perhaps we should say right here that Mr. Davis has never commanded our admiration in any striking degree, so far do Lee and Jackson tower above him in our estimation. But, defeated and humbled as he was, he was a gentleman and a man of his word, and there was no reason for shackling or handcuffing him. Nevertheless, we mention this matter now, not to revive memories that should perhaps be left undisturbed, but to compare this performance with some of the more recent acts of General Miles.

Of course the papers that habitually oppose everything done by President Roosevelt will open up their vials of wrath when the General gets the natural and almost inevitable result of his recent pernicious activity. For our part we think that he has about outlived his usefulness as the head of the army, and we shall watch his departure with dry eyes

EARLY LAMBS FOR NORTHERN MARKETS.

The letters that we are receiving from farmers in different parts of the State and the news items in our local papers indicate increased interest in stock raising, notably in sheep and dairy matters.

This week, for instance, we have a forceful letter by Mr. A. D. McNair on the raising of "hot house" lambs for the Northern markets, one of the most profitable branches of the live stock industry. Our readers will doubtless remember that this question was discussed at some length by Mr. Samuel Archer in his admirable series of articles on "Sheep in the South" recently published in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. The advantages possessed by our section in this particular are obvious. The very same conditions that enable us to monopolize the early fruit and vegetable markets of the North would, if we would but seize them, bring to our people practically all the money now paid out for these early lambs. And that there is in the prices paid a very fair margin of profit is clearly shown by Mr. McNair.

We hope that some of our sheep raisers will give this matter a thorough test. To neglect longer the opportunity would be hardly less foolish than would be the abandonment of the trucking industry in which our climate and other natural advantages have given us the mastery

Within the last five or six weeks we have seen the beginning of a new movement in North Carolina educational matters—the consolidation of rural schools. The money hitherto given to two or three districts is to be concentrated on one centrally located, thus providing longer terms, better equipped teachers, better houses. The movement deserves attention. We predict for it wonderfully rapid growth.

And in this connection we are reminded that we have not yet printed the last public utterance of the lamented General T. F. Toon—a statement worthy of special attention just now. It was a letter of welcome to the Educational Conference held in Raleigh in February, and in it General Toon said:

"While there is evident improvement in the schools all over the State in every particular, we recognize the peculiar drawbacks to be: 1st, a multiplication of small school districts; 2nd, a want of better houses; 3rd, a sad want of more money and 4th, indifference on the part of patrons. The first and second can be removed by a consolidation of school districts. The third by local taxation. The fourth by agitation. The school law by section 72 provides for the formation of special school tax districts, the carrying into effect of which I believe to be the most important consideration of this conference embodying as it does the remedy for the present drawbacks to better schools, better houses, more money together with the removal of that indifference which paralyzes educational effort in North Carolina I would then earnestly recommend the establishment of special school tax districts in the country and graded schools in our towns. Agitation, consolidation and local taxation is our hope."

The publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal are sending out the following notice regarding Helen Keller, to whose remarkable autobiography we have already alluded: "It is not at all improbable that before many years have passed the South will be pointing proudly to a new writer in the field of fiction: a writer whose present work along another line gives promise of something of enduring interest if she turns to fiction when more mature—Helen Keller. This wonderful girl from Alabama, blind, and deprived of all sense of hearing, is putting so much poetic feeling, sentiment and deep thought, and is showing such marvelous descriptive power, in her story of her life now appearing in The Ladies' Home Journal, that one cannot help wondering what she would do if she were to try her hand at a romance. It is too early yet for her to think of it, as she is only twenty-one, and still in college; but it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive of her as becoming one of the South's most famous authors by and by."

The Thinkers.

TWO DREAMERS.

Two men dreamed dreams of empire but one dreamed more splendidly than the other. One dreamed of national isolation; the other of continental combination. One dreamed of a single realm where he, as the head of the people, could say to this man "Come" and to that man "Go," and could sift and sort the citizenship and divide and apportion the public activities at his own sweet will; the other dreamed of a second vast union of States modeled after that which rose in splendor toward the setting sun far beyond the Western waters, but the empire of him who dreamed of the single State was swallowed up in the empire of him who dreamed of the union of States. Few of their fellowmen dreamed such dreams as these two nation-building seers and none wrought so ceaselessly or untiringly to work out their visions into political realities. The one dreamer spent his youth in herding cattle on the veldt, or fighting alternately the Kaffirs and the lions, or again trekking to north and northwestward to find his dreamed-of empire; the other dreamer lived out his youth in the greatest of the schools, studying problems of finance and reading in the libraries those volumes which told of nations and nation builders. One dreamer wore slouchy clothes and Horace Greeley whiskers and incessantly smoked a malodorous pipe; the other, clean shaven save for a croppy mustache, dressed in the style and smoked the finest brands of cigars. Both dreamers loved money and made millions, one of them, like the miser, for money's own sake; the other, for the men it would buy and the influence it would wield. One digged gold in the Witwatersrand mines; the other sorted diamonds at Kimberley. One was a constant reader of the Old Testament Scriptures of the Bible, and found examples in Israel's slaughter, hip and joint, of Amorites and Amelekites, Perizites and Hivites, for wasting the Kaffir and the Matabele peoples and possessing their land; the other rejected the Scriptures and was known of men as an agnostic—was it because the teachings of the thorn-crown captive of whom Pilate queried: "Art Thou a King?" were foreign to the aims and ideals of an empire builder? One dreamer paused in his making of a republic long enough to set up a home and enjoy the sympathy of wife and children; the other, in his devotion to ambition, paused not even for the joy of the touch of woman's hand or child's caress.

Each of our dreamers came to be the foremost man of two races that strgggled for living room and even mastery upon a continent. The dreams of both could not be realized, being antagonistic, and the appeal to war for arbitrament of the dispute finds Paul Kruger an aged exile, with wife dead of a broken heart and sons in soldiers' graves; and Cecil Rhodes dead at 49 from the disease of the strenuous life, with his great visions yet unrealized, and his last words these: "There is so little done; so much to do."

Is the dream of the empire-builder worth while?—Charlotte Observer.

OLEOMARGARINE.

We congratulate the farmers of the country on the fight they have made and won to prevent imitation butter being palmed off as the real article. We were sorry to note that some of the Senators from the South were more interested in the success of the oil mills than the building up of the dairy interests of the farmers. If there is one thing of more importance in the South to the farmers than almost any other, it is the feeding of stock both for the dairy and for beef. The amount of cottonseed oil used in the manufacture of oleo would not amount to two cents a bale on the cotton crop of the South. The plea made that the law is intended to kill the manufacture of oleomargarine is only true if the life of oleo depends on its being sold as butter. Under the new law, anyone who wants oleo can get it cheaper than ever, and the restriction in regard to coloring may have the effect to prevent the article being palmed off on the public at restaurants and hotels as butter. It will also stop the business of the butter stores that have all sorts of fancy brands of butter and not an ounce of butter in the house. The fact is that the oleo manufacturers know that the larger part of their sales come from the palming off of the article as butter. No one has any objection to the making and selling of oleo as oleo, and the talk about taxing the poor man's butter is all fol de rol, for if the poor man wants it he can get it cheaper now that the coloring is forbidden. The passage of the law is simply a victory of an honest product over a fraud, against which every business is entitled to protection. The cotton oil mills will not suffer a particle and the farmer of the South will have a better chance to build up a dairy business when not compelled to compete with a fraud.—Practical Farmer.

THE APPALACHIAN RESERVE.

The bill for the establishment of a national forest reserve in the Southern Appalachians has been reported favorably in Congress. Nothing should be permitted to prevent its becoming an act. It authorizes the purchase of 4,000,000 acres of land in the mountain region extending from Southern Virginia and West Virginia to Northern Alabama and Georgia, touching South Carolina and Tennessee, and containing not only the greatest variety of timber in the country, but what is of equal importance, the head springs of more than a dozen important rivers emptying into the Atlantic ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. The passage of the bill is of prime importance to secure conditions whereby the value of these streams for transportation and irrigation, and as sources of industrial and commercial power, may be maintained, if not increased, and to give practical encouragement to the development of scientific forestry, the necessity for which is becoming every year more recognized —Manufacturers Record.

We smile complacently at the Hottentot whose pride is centered in the tawdry ring he wears in his nose, yet how much are we raised above this savage, we who prostrate ourselves before the minted gold of the millionaire? In our absurd money-worship, we have reached a stage where a golden calf, instead of royal eagle, might well be the symbol of our national spirit. We are holding the Almighty Dollar so close to our eyes that we are obscuring Almighty God. In our old catechism we were asked, "What is the chief end of man?" The up-to-date reply would be, "The chief end of man is to glorify *Gold* and to enjoy it forever."—Edwin Markham, in April "Success."